The cabin was sturdy, and well equipped to deal with the howling gale that threw drifts of snow against its walls. The young couple darted inside, helping each other to push the door closed against the wind.

Shining their torches round the cabin they quickly found the light switch, bathing the room with a soft warm glow. The wind howled outside, but with the door closed it didn’t seem as worrying. Zareen decided to explore as he started the fire, if they were going to spending the night, they might as well get comfortable!

The bedroom was just of from the main room, a large bed with a soft mattress, thick blanket and soft pillows stood on a slightly raised platform. In one corner was a large wooden chest that was slightly ajar. There seemed to be an odd glow emanating from inside. She crept closer and lifted the lid, it was filled with several rows and layers of different vials, none had any writing, only vague pictures. On the inside of the lid was a faded label, ‘Vivian’s Vicarious Vials’ it read, with a subtitle ‘Change is only a sip away… ‘

She shrugs and returns to the main room to warm herself by the fire. As the evening progresses the storm rages on outside, and the young couple entertain themselves with stories, and help themselves to the well stocked larder of the cabin, sharing a couple bottles of wine. After a few drinks Zareen mentions the chest, and their curiosity grows, after a few more drinks he dares Zareen to take one jokingly, before going to the bathroom. She looks into the chest at all the vials, and one with a sparkling star catches her eye, and she lifts it from the chest.

Zareen surreptitiously takes a sip of the fluid, to her surprise it’s sweet, tangy and extremely tasty. She could feel it run down her throat and a warmth spread around her body. She gave a little shimmy of happiness, even if nothing else occurred, the taste was more than worth it, so she took another sip, anticipating the warmth.

Only this time it felt a little different, more intense, with the warmth seeming to have a more purposeful direction in mind. She paused, vial on her lips, as she felt the warmth settle between her legs, and in her chest. She tilted the vial for another sip, as her free hand moved to adjust her top.

‘Ooofh’ she gasped as her hand brushed the swell of her breast, they were feeling rather sensitive! The shock made her upend the vial and she swallowed hurriedly, to prevent it from spilling. This time she felt its effect, as she became increasingly aware of the fabric of her clothes rubbing against her skin. Stifling a moan, she tried to compose herself, the simple act of moving was driving her wild. It was if her breasts had doubled in sensitivity, her nipples tantalizingly tender and erect against her bra. As she squeezed her legs together, she was certain that her womanhood had never felt this good before, even as her passion built.

Her eyes opened wide; the vials actually worked! Which one to take next though? She looked into the case at the other vials, surprised to see the slot where she’d taken on from refilled. She looked around for the empty vial but couldn’t find it.

‘Weird…’ she murmured, still running a hand across her top, if the sensitivity didn’t ease, she’d definitely get distracted quickly. She felt a slight chill run across her back, and she shivered before the feeling of her clothes against her sensitive skin made her gasp.

‘Are you alright out there?’ she heard him ask, as he stuck his head round the door.

Taking a depth breath before replying, she resisted squeezing her tender mounds. ‘I’m fine… What’s taking you so long?’

‘Thought I might grab a quick shower but and freshen up, it’s been a long day!’

Zareens eyes lit up, ‘Oooo maybe I should join you?’

He sighed, ‘Tempting as that sounds, there’s barely enough space for one person in the shower, it’s tiny’

She pouted, ‘Alright, but try not to use all the hot water…’ a thought of the hot water on her newly sensual skin made her nethers twitch in excitement.

‘Yeah, yeah… ‘she heard the door to the bathroom shut, and few moments later the sound of running water. She shivered again listening to the howling wind outside, she placed another log into the fire keen to warm up.

She glanced back at the case, didn’t one of the vials have a flame on it? If the stars made her feel tingly then surely the fire would make her feel warm? Content with her logic she took the vial, opening it and downing it in one way.

It tasted different to the last, more peppery, with a firery afterburn that almost felt cold. For a minute nothing else seemed to happen, then a pleasant warmth began to build, spreading all over this time.

It kept building, till she felt the warmth change, she tried to recall what the warmth was reminding her of. It was only when she realized what her hands had started doing, almost at their own accord did, did it hit her. One hand was rubbing a nipple through her bra, the other was working up her thigh, and she wanted, no *needed* more. She wasn’t feeling warm, she was horny, practically in heat!

She could hear the shower still going, ‘Are you going to be much longer?’ she called out, her hands roaming over herself. She was going to jump him the moment he stepped out of the shower...

She gasped as her fingers teased her nipple through her top, legs clamping over her other between her thighs. It took all her willpower to remove her hands, and stop the pleasure, struggling to centre herself she grabbed the nearest solid object with both hands, and found herself looking into the case once again. She bit her lip, maybe she could try another?

She wondered what each would do, and finally settled to try the Clover Leaf, she bit her lip as she reached into the case and her clothes shifted again, the heightened sensation was only fuelling the raging fire of her libido. She drank the vial, and waited for it to take effect...

She could hear him finishing up in the shower, and excitedly she moved to the bedroom ready to pounce. She laid back on the bed and deliberately undid a few buttons to show off her cleavage, resisting the urge to rub her hands over the exposed skin. She could feel the heat between her legs throbbing in anticipation... She adjusted her top slightly, as it wasn’t sitting right, and she could feel an odd pressure in her chest. The now familiar warmth had spread once again but had settled just under her chest.

She reached under her breasts to adjust the fabric of her shirt and jumped when she felt a mound that hadn’t been there a few moments before. She tore her shirt wide open, bending to look down at her chest. With her top removed the vials effects were clear to see, she had a second set of breasts slowly growing under her already ample chest. Tentatively she touched them, and reeled, moaning from the sensation, they were just as sensitive as her first pair. She couldn’t resist grabbing them, one hand brushing against the top pair, the other on the lower.

She was still gently caressing them as he left the shower and stood staring, the towel round his waist dropping to the floor as his manhood rapidly engorged, standing to attention...

Zareen bit her lip as she stared at his swollen shaft, the sight of it was not helping her levels of arousal. She edged towards him, her eyes locked on his magnificent cock, crawling across the bed pausing each time one of her four nipples brushed against the sheets.

‘What happened?’ he blurted, confusion and lust both in his voice. ‘You look incredible...’ he whispered.

She paused her advance ‘The v...v... vials’ she gasped as squirmed, rubbing her breasts against the sheets, her eyes met his, ‘you should take one!’

‘Are you sure?’ he queried, eyes roaming over her body.

She tried to support herself on one arm, reaching between her legs to try and sate the insatiable need still building there. ‘D... D... Definitely’ she moaned as her arm buckled and she collapsed into the sheets, fingers clenching the sheets. When she finally looked up, he had just finished downing a vial, it looked like it was the balloons...

Moments later he was on her, tearing the last of her clothes off before pinning her to the bed. She could feel the heat of his body above hers, his breath across her nipples was intoxicating. He placed his palm over one of her nipples, closing his hand to grasp her tender flesh, even as his lips closed over another.

She swooned, her back arching as the pleasure rocked through her.

‘Fuuuck’ she murmured, he hadn’t even entered her yet, but she could feel his shaft brushing her folds, throbbing with his racing heart. Was it her imagination or was it...?

‘Ughhh’ he groaned, collapsing into her, the vials effect finally reaching him. His weight had her pinned, and frustrated she wiggled her hips, desperate to feel his shaft again. After a few moments her writhing paid off and she felt her slit brush against the tip of his shaft. She strained her hips towards the prize, as he moaned into her cleavage, she grinned, and pulled his face deeper into her breasts.

She moaned as she felt his shaft begin to push into her, it felt insanely good, but the strain of holding her hips up was too much, reluctantly she relaxed, almost whimpering as she felt the pressure of his shaft ease.

Only for it to increase again only a few moments later... He was growing, she could feel it now, each time it throbbed it grew a little more, pressure increasing against her folds. In only a few moments he was inside her, and she was lost to the intense sensations.

She was dimly aware of him bracing himself upright with his arms, then was thrusting his oversized shaft into her, and her world exploded into indescribable orgasm...

It was dark when she awoke a few hours later, she untangled herself from her comatose partner, from his light snores he was still out for the count. She tiptoed to the bathroom, only turning the light on once the door was closed. Disappointedly she noticed that the vials must have worn off as her second pair of breasts were gone; a quick squeeze of a nipple confirmed the sensitivity was back to normal too.

Having freshened up, she got into her pyjamas and went back to the main room, stoking the fire from the embers. The storm was still raging outside, but the cabin was warm and cosy. After a few minutes watching the flames build and begin dance in the fireplace, her eyes were drawn to the flicker of light on the chest of vials.

She lifted the lid and looked at the options, wondering whether to try any more...

Carefully she looked at each in turn, biting her lip as she looked at the Star covered vial, she could still remember how it felt. Smiling, she unstopped the vial, her mind made up. Yet she hesitated before drinking, still curious as to the other options in case.

‘Hmmm, I did always like butterflies...’ she lifted the second vial, and examined the wings, closer inspection of it made her realise they were fairy wings not a butterfly as she first thought. ‘Maybe it’ll make me grow wings?’ she giggled, drinking first the Stars then sipping the second vial.

She sputtered at the extreme bitter taste, barely managing much more than a small sip. ‘Blurgh...’ she grabbed a drink from earlier to wash out the taste.

‘Well that was terrible choi... Woooah’ she swooned as she felt the first vial begin its magic. As the sensation built, she realised she could feel the fabric of her pyjamas rubbing against her skin. Smiling seductively, she moved a hand inside her top and began to slowly caress her sensitive skin.

She leant back into the chair as her free hand slipped between her legs, fingers seeking the growing fire in her loins. She was slick with arousal, her fingers easily teasing her sex, which only fuelled the flames of her passion.

She didn’t know how long she was sat there, building towards orgasm, pausing only to readjust her pyjamas which kept dropping off one shoulder. It was only when her top fell off both did she open her eyes, her arousal temporarily forgotten as she discovered what had happened.

She had shrunk, was *still* shrinking as she felt her clothes loosen and her top tangle in her arms. The shrinking gradually stopped leaving her tiny, barely knee high, but still in perfect proportion. She slid off the chair running to the chest, there had to be someway to reverse this!

She was looking into the chest when a shadow loomed over her, and she turned to see him looming over her, his manhood twitching...

‘Did someone try another vial?’ he crouched beside her, his shaft at her new eye level.

‘I only tried a sip... It was so bitter...’ she glanced at his shaft watching it continue to swell. She stepped towards it and placed her hand on the shaft. ‘You *like* this, don’t you?’ she grinned, rubbing it slowly, the sight of it swelling almost as big as her leg was intoxicating, she wasn’t sure she could wrap her arms round it, but she could picture herself riding it, rubbing herself up and down its length.

He grabbed her, lifting her easily to the bedroom, grabbing a vial on the way. He placed her on the bed standing tall over her, his cock now throbbing at full mast. She lay back on the bed looking up at him, feeling both nervous, yet ferociously excited about being at his mercy.

He moved towards her, his immense shaft forcing her legs apart and riding up over her thighs. It felt like a log was resting on her, a hot throbbing log, her breasts pressed against it. She leant forward and kissed its purple crown, bigger than her head, her arms not quite reaching around its girth.

She moaned as her lips made it twitch, her thighs were slick as she worked her hips against it, trying to wrap her legs round it. His skin felt incredible against hers, and she was only getting hornier, there was no way she could possibly take him at this size. She sighed bitterly and glanced up at the giant pinning her to the bed with his shaft.

He was opening the vial with balloons again... Her eyes widened, staring first at his giant manhood, then up to his grinning expression.

‘No no no noooooo’ she cried in panic, ‘You can’t! I can’t possibly fit you now, let alone if you take that!’

His grin broadened as he removed the stopper, ‘What makes you think its for me?’ he placed a hand on her head and began to pour the vial into her mouth.

She spluttered, what would have been a few mouthfuls was more than a bucketful now, so a lot ended up pouring down her cleavage and seemed to mix with her sex.

He stepped back as he poured, waiting to see what would happen, Zareen pouted back, soaked from the vial.

‘You nearly drowned me!’ she glared, standing up on the bed which barely took her above his waist. She crossed her arms across her chest, trying to ignore the pulse of pleasure as her arms brushed nipples.

‘Sorry... I got a bit carried away...’ he replied sheepishly, averting his eyes for a moment, before suddenly staring ‘Oh my...’ he blurted.

‘What is it... Woah... WOAH!’ she exclaimed as her breasts began to intense swell, rapidly forcing her arms apart. She reached for her nipples as they grew, lost to pleasure as her arms were forced further apart.

Within a minute they were bigger than any breasts she’d seen, but somehow still pert, and the Star vial effect was still in force, so it felt incredible... She sank to her knees just as her nipples slipped from her grip, a few moments later she felt them press into the sheets.

She looked like a doll attached to a pair of breasts, if it didn’t feel so insanely good, she’d have been worried. All she could think about was the look he was giving her as he stepped closer, cock twitching...

She felt it rest against her swollen breasts, and his hand brace her back, and then his hot shaft slide between her massive mounds, she could feel every inch of him as his began to thrust faster and faster. His grip tightened as she felt his shaft begin to pulsate, each thrust sliding down between her breasts and pressing against her slit. It was a race to the finish, and they finished almost simultaneously, just as her world began to explode with pleasure, she felt his shaft twitch and shudder. It exploded, his hot seed almost burning as she felt it gush from him like a fire hose.

Moaning, he collapsed next to her, and the pair swiftly fell asleep...

They slowly stirred the next morning, once back to normal, Zareen pouting slightly as she looked at the mess they’d made. She needed a shower; they both needed a shower... For the moment she walked to the fireplace, and picked up her abandoned pyjamas, pulling them on. She sighed, wishing the shower was a bit bigger so they could both fit, then a sly smile spread across her face and she tiptoed to the chest.

Pursing her lip, she looked at the options, grabbing three vials, the Fairy Wings, Fire and the Hourglass. She poured the vials into a pair of glasses and mixed them, trying to keep the portions equal. She then carried them back to the bedroom just as was preparing to enter the shower.

Eyes sparkling with mischief she offered a glass, ‘Drink before the shower?’

‘Thanks!’ he downed the glass, raising an eyebrow as the combined flavours hit. ‘What was in that?’ he queried stepping towards her. Smiling, she drank hers, placing the glass to the side.

‘A bit of this, a bit of that...’ she smirked, watching the Fire take hold, his towel failing to hide the bulge beneath. Her own passion was starting to build too.

He took another step closer and stumbled as he lost a foot of height and his towel dropped to the floor and tangled in his legs. ‘I feel dizzy...’he muttered, clutching his head as he shrank again, shorter than her.

Smiling she wrapped her arms round him, burying his head in her cleavage, which was at the perfect height. She squirmed feeling the heat build, before she felt herself begin to shrink too.

For a few moments it felt they were shrinking at the same rate, her pyjamas getting gradually looser, except something felt off. Last time her top had slipped down much sooner, her bottoms seemed far too long, yet still hugged her hips. Confused she looked down, releasing him from his cleavage prison.

It seemed that whilst she had shrunk, her breasts and hips had grown, cancelling each other out, leaving her with an extreme hourglass figure, her breasts still trying to fill her pyjama top, her hips almost as wide. Squeezing her thighs together, she could feel a plumpness between her legs too.

She looked at her partner, who was now back to the right size, at least in respect to her, despite only being a few feet tall. His dizziness seemed to have cleared and his was staring lustfully at her new curves, his cock proudly pointing at her.

She untangled herself from her garments and stood for a moment biting her lip and letting him admire the view. He gave desperate cry and leapt at her, the two of them falling to the floor, her pyjamas acting as improvised bed. His passion was even more uncontrollable than hers, she felt him adjusting his hips against hers, the tip of his shaft searching for her entrance. Her lips were puffy, her clit swollen and proud, she gasped as she felt him press against it, before his tip found its goal and slid into her.

Her expanded hips increased the pressure on his shaft, making it feel tighter, allowing her to truly experience each move he made within. Her oversized breasts partially blocking her view. He grunted with exertion, and she felt him begin to tense.

‘Not yet!’ she pleaded, her own orgasm still a little way off. His thrusts slowed becoming more deliberate.

‘Fuuuck, feels... Sooo... Gooooood...’ he whimpered, ‘Fu... FUCK!!’ She felt him burst inside her, and he collapsed against her.

She sighed frustratedly, feeling him begin to soften, her own orgasm tantalisingly close. Moving her hips, she began let him slip out of her, when he suddenly gasped and braced himself once more.

She felt him throb, gasping herself as it rapidly stiffened, filling her once again. Within seconds he was back into the rhythm. Only this time she beat him to the finish, her cries of pleasure triggering his second orgasm.

As they lay gasping, she pulled herself off him, grinning. ‘Shower?’

Hungrily he met her grin, his shaft already standing to attention, eager to go again. ‘Well, we’ll definitely both fit like this!’ With that they dashed into the bathroom, and after a few moments of struggling to reach the controls stepped into the hit water.

Seconds later they were at it again, the combination of hot water, super charged libidos and an insatiable cock proving to be a winning combination.

It would be quite a bit later they would finally wake up, uncomfortably squeezed into the shower with the water beginning to run cold...

After they untangled themselves, they both sheepishly got into their casual clothes, deciding to relax for a while. A quick look outside revealing that although the storm had passed, the deep snow would be impassable for some time.

Zareen kept catching him glance at the case, clearly he was planning something, and she couldn’t help but get a little excited thinking about the possibilities. So when he began to seduce her, she very willingly let him fan the flames of her passion, no vials, just his touch, his fingers teasing her through the fabric of her clothes.

She should have suspected something as she leant back against him, his arms reaching round to gently squeeze her breasts, the tight bulge in his trousers pressed into her booty. He had a Cheshire cat grin as she looked up over her shoulder.

‘What is it?’ questioning his smile.

‘I’ve just had a *very* naughty idea...’ he reached for a vial, his other arm gripping her tightly in his embrace.

‘What is it...’ nervously she made an effort to wriggle free, but his grip was too tight. He uncorked the vial with his teeth and raised it to her lips.

‘Which one is...’ she started before he poured its contents into her mouth. Judging by the sudden rush of warmth and pleasure it had to have been the Stars...

‘Mmmm... Good choice...’ she murmured, enjoying the gradually intensifying sensation, closing her eyes.

The cold glass of the next vial on her lips made her gasp, and she almost choked as he poured it into her mouth, punning it closed till she swallowed.

‘Um... What was that...’ she asked, nervously, but he was already getting a third vial from the case. Her eyes widen as she realised she was powerless to stop him, a token effort to escape only caused sensitive skin to rub against her clothes. A stretching sensation in her chest revealed the second vial, her bra rapidly filling, her nipples felt incredible as they slipped out of the stuffed bra cups.

She gave a low whimper, eyes closed as her clothes tightened over her steadily growing assets. She stopped struggling, and leant back against his chest, her hands reaching to caress her tender breasts through the strained cloth. They sat for a few minutes, his shaft twitching in the crease of her buttocks, his arms still wrapped round her, as her growth gradually slowed.

Her enhanced breasts barely fit under her top, her bra barely covering her nipples, sensitive flesh spilling out above and below the cups. She gasped as he stood, letting her fall back onto the plush rug, the sudden movement finally causing the clasp of her bra to give. Her tops stitching creaked as her breasts were released from their prison, desperately she tried to reach her nipples, she needed release from the building pleasure.

‘Fuck me... Pleeesse’ she begged, arching her back as she frantically rubbed her massive rack. She could see his rod straining in his pants, looking up she gulped, he was holding two more vials...

‘Not yet... You need your medicine...’ smirking he opened both of them, swigging one himself and pouring the other into her mouth... He dropped them empty vials, grunting as they took effect.

She could feel a tension building in the depths of her breasts, tingling outwards, biting her lip as she gazed past her impressive cleavage. He was struggling with his pants his cock bulging and straining inside them. This wasn’t a small growth and swelling like last time.

‘Ughhh’ he groaned, his trousers tearing as his shaft burst free. It was now over a meter long, and visibly throbbing, getting thicker and longer each time. He stumbled from its weight, it’s length landing on her thighs, sliding towards her as it continued to grow.

Its weight pressed down on her as she felt its huge tip reach her breasts, forcing itself into the tight canyon of cleavage. She could feel the stitching of her top beginning to give, the pressure in her breasts spreading, approaching her nipples.

With a final pulse of growth his giant cock pushed its firm head out of her cleavage, resting just under her chin. Overwhelming sensation coursed through her as she leant forward, using her arms to press her humongous tits against his tree trunk sized shaft.

He was immobilised by its size, but her tender touch only inflamed his lust, and he tried to thrust against her. The effort only made them rock back and forth, the heat of him only tantalising her more. Each attempted thrust, the weight pushed into her pussy, it was like she was grinding herself on muscular thigh. But she knew it was actually a huge, powerful cock, she knew it could never fit, but found herself imagining what it could feel like if it did...

He made another forceful thrust and the tip slid an inch closer, the friction of its mass bringing her close to orgasm. She could feel the pressure still building, but with the tip now within reach, she began her counterattack. She released her breasts, noting that they felt far firmer than expected to and wrapped her arms under the crown of his swollen shaft, pulling it towards her, deeper into her breasts.

With a final protest of fabric her top tore off completely and fell to either side, but her breasts didn’t sag, blue veins beginning to show as they seemed to firm up as the pressure reached her nipples.

Zareen was almost oblivious to this, her eyes fixated on the basketball sized tip in front of her. Slowly she got it close enough to kiss, and she felt it tremble. A sly grin spread across her face, and she licked it, her tongue delving in its slit. She giggled as it spasmed, wrapping her legs to hold on, it was the best bucking bronco ever!

On the next lick she felt a large dollop of precum forming, and she knew it wouldn’t last much longer. She rubbed it over his shaft feeling him squirm and moan, she may be pinned, but she was in total control...

He fell forward, overwhelmed and his arms caught him on her breasts began their skin now taught, and she felt the pressure give way, but only slightly. Her nipples felt hot and... Wet?

She groaned as he braced himself in her overfilled breasts, they felt tight but tender, she couldn’t see him past their curves. She could feel him though, his shaft twitching as he struggled to move, grinning she ran her tongue over the tip a second time.

It’s mass quivered, pulsing in rhythm with his heartbeat, his arms flailed, then his hands found her nipples, gripping them tightly. Zareen howled as the pressure suddenly burst forth, her nipples spraying milk over them both, an incredible wave of orgasmic pleasure crashing through her. Frantically she did her best to force her hips against his monstrous girth, her milk making it slick. She felt her grip slipping as her milk continued to flow, and she made one last tease of his tip. She pressed her face into him, tongue probing as she felt it slip from her grip.

It felt like the whole mass of him was vibrating above her, between her massive tits and against her aching slit. It was slippery from their passion as her palms rubbed frantically across its head as she struggled for purchase.

The flow of milk was slowing, but she could feel something else as he tried to lean towards her breasts. His tip quivered and moved back in range of her tongue as he struggled. Her tongue teased just as his lips closed over her nipple.

Her head arched back as another orgasm rocked her, at the same moment she felt his shaft tense, then start to shake, a wave of heat rushing up its length, and she felt him burst into orgasm. He was moaning desperately into her nipple as his shaft continued to throb and spray his seed. After a few moments it was all over, and his grip slowly loosened, and he collapsed against the gradually shrinking mountains of breast. Zareens eyes fluttered as her post orgasmic glow spread across like a wave.

When they awoke later, the sun was high in the sky, the storm had passed, the room cleaned and tidied, but the chest had vanished...